or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these harts?

Quin, Bottom, ô most couragious day! O most happy houre!

Bott. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but aske me not what. For if I tell you, I am not true *Athenian.* I will tell you euery thing right as it fell out.

Quin. Let vs heare, sweete *Bottom.*

Bot. Not a word of mee. All that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparrell together, good strings to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes: meete presently at the palace, euery man looke ore his part. For, the short and the long is, our play is preferd. In any case let *Thisby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him, that plaies the Lyon, pare his nailes: for they shall hang out for the Lyons clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor garlicke: for we are to vtter sweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweete Comedy. No more wordes. Away, go away.

Enter Theseus, Hyppolita, *and* Philostrate.

HIP. Tis strange, my *Theseus*, that these louers speake of.

THE. More straunge then true. I neuer may beleeue
These antique fables, nor these Fairy toyes.
Louers, and mad men haue such seething braines,
Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more,
Then coole reason euer comprehends. The lunatick,
The louer, and the Poet are of imagination all compact.
One sees more diuels, then vast hell can holde:
That is the mad man. The louer, all as frantick,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Ægypt.*
The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy, rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as
Imagination bodies forth the formes of things

Vn-

Vnknowne: the Poets penne turnes them
And giues to ayery nothing, a locall hab
And a name. Such trickes hath strong im
That if it would but apprehend some ioy
It comprehends some bringer of that ioy
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

HYP. But, all the story of the night told
And all their minds transfigur'd so toget
More witnesseth than fancies images,
And growes to something of great const
But howsoeuer, strange and admirable.

Enter Louers; Lysander, Demetriu
Helena.

THE. Here come the louers, full of ioy
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh daies
Of loue accompany your hearts,

Lys. More then to vs, waite in your roy
boorde, your bedde.

THE. Come now: what maskes, what
To weare away this long age of three ho
Or after supper, & bed-time? Where is o
Of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is the
To ease the anguish of a torturing hower

Philostrate. Here mighty *Theseus.*

THE. Say, what abridgement haue you
What maske, what musicke? How shall w
The lazy tyme, if not with some delight

Philost. There is a briefe, how many spo
Make choyce, of which your Highnesse w

THE. The battell with the *Centaures* to b
By an *Athenian* Eunuche, to the Harpe?
Weele none of that. That haue I tolde my
In glory of my kinsman *Hercules.*
The ryot of the tipsie *Bachanals,*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22302) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.29